Harvest.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
  Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
  All day long.
It hath the brook's wild gayety,
  The sorrowful cry of the sea.
    Oh, hush and hear!
    Sweet, sweet and clear,
    Above the locust's whirr
    And hum of bee
  Rises that soft, pathetic harmony.

In the meadow grass
  The innocent white daises blow,
The dandelion plume doth pass
  Vaguely to and fro—
    The unquiet spirit of a flower,
    That hath too brief an hour.
Now doth a little cloud all white,
  Or golden bright,
Drift down the warm blue sky;
  And now on the horizon line
Where dusty woodlands lie,
  A sunny mist doth shine,
Like to a veil before holy shrine,
  Concealing, half revealing, things Divine.

    Sweet, sweet, sweet,
    Is the wind's song,
    Astir in the rippled wheat
    All day long.
    That exquisite music calls
    The reaper everywhere—
    Life and death must share,
    The golden harvest falls.
So doth all end—
  Honored philosophy.
    Science and art,
    The bloom of the heart:
Master, Consoler, Friend,
  Make Thou the harvest of our days
  To fall within Thy ways.

—*Ellen M. Hutchinson.*

The Welcome Guest.

It was Thanksgiving eve, dull and raw and cold. The day had been gray with cloud, sodden with the chill November rain and wind, and night, thick with mist, was closing over the little Connecticut shore village, as Hannah Place opened the door of the low, brown farmhouse on its Soundward limits. The wind stirred the branches of the great barberry, and lifted her brown hair, in which the threads of gray were so thickly shining; it swayed, too, the unfastened gate to and fro on its hinges as she stepped down the narrow flagged walk to latch it, between the faded borders of hollyhock, larkspur and marigolds. The high tide was bearing its heavy swell on the long stretch of sandy beach, but only an edge of white, tossing foam was visible, and out of the pale, gray mist folded over the wide sweep of water sounded the dreary, warning toll of the Forkness fog-bell. Mrs. Place fastened the gate, and then paused with her arms resting on it, shivering as the dolefnl sound stirred the deepening twilight, not so much from the keen air as some inward chill. On one side the village lights were gleaming, tokens of warmth and cheer; on the other was the troubled sea, the gathering storm, and her face was to the night and cloud. But a sudden gust of rain blinded her. She brushed her cheeks with her blue and white checked apron, and retraced her steps. As she opened the door a flood of yellow light streamed out into the darkness, revealing a wide, low room, with whitely scoured floor and polished wood-work, dark with age; a blazing fire of drift wood on the hearth, before which a great gray cat dozed; a tawny house-dog lay with his black muzzle resting on his paws, and a gray-haired man, his face seamed with the lines of years and toil, sat in an arm chair. Through the open door of the pantry came a savory odor. From the row of deep, juicy pumpkin pies, the raised cake, and the sage-flavored stuffing for the turkey that lay plump, white and toothsome. For a moment a gleam of housewifely pride touched her face, but it quickly faded, and taking the half-finished gray woolen sock that lay in her basket, she seated herself in the low, splint bottomed rocker that creaked softly, as if in faint remembrance of weary little feet it had swayed, and sleepy little eyes it had lulled to rest. For a few moments there was a silence, save for the clicking of the busy needles, till her husband suddenly spoke:

"And so to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day again. Who have you invited to be our guest?"

Hannah Place laid her knitting work in her lap, and turned to her husband, all her set firmness of her face breaking into quivering grief.

"Ah, Ansel," she cried, with sharp bitterness. "What is Thanksgiving Day to you and me that we should celebrate it? Here we sit, lonely and desolate in our old age. Janey, our little yellow-haired Janey, lies with her baby beside her in the old burial-ground, and I wonder to-night, as I do every night, if Willy be out in the danger and darkness, or if he has found the rest of an unknown grave. Thanksgiving dinner is but a mockery to us. It is for the gathering of the family, and there is not one of our own blood to be our guest. I do not want to be ungrateful, Ansel, but it does seem that the Lord has dealt hardly with us," and she paused, her voice breaking in a choking sob.

Ansel Place looked at his wife in surprise. A strong, self-contained woman, tears were with her rare even in life's darkest hours, and for them, as for all, life had held many such. Upright, faithful Christians, yet with a tinge of stern old Puritan blood in their veins, they from honest conviction chose the thorniest paths of self-repression as the heavenward way. They ad feared to partake of life's good, but its ills they might not avoid. There had been long days of watching and suspense under the shadow of death, and still longer days of hushed silence and aching loneliness; a coffined face, and open grave. And darker, sadder was the still burden of an unspoken grief, the harder perhaps to bear for the very silence in which they hid this bitter memory o clashing wills, of stern authority on the one side and angry defiance on the other, and a young life drifted out of sight amid the world's fierce breakers. A memory that had bowed Ansel Place's proud head, and threatened the thick lines of gray amid his wife's dark hair. But to-night her words had opened the door of the sepulchre, and there rose before him the visions of other Thanksgiving Days, when merry children had made music in the old house, and their glad spirits broke over for the day the formality of their set rules, and set the low rooms ringing, Ansel Place was not an emotional man. Life had been hard and wearing, the poetry and romance had long since faded from it, but to-night, with the November rain beating on the pane, a tide of tenderness welled up in his heart; he saw two fond young parents bending over the cradle of their baby boy, and, dimmer still with tears, a sweet girl face, lifted to loving eyes, while set in a moonlit frame of swaying honeysuckle vines and blooms. That was long ago; there was no trace left of girlish grace or beauty in the face before him, worn by care and time, but, looking, he saw not the vanished fairness, but something better, sweeter still, crowning the years they two had walked together, and touched by a sudden impulse, he took her thin, worn hand in his, saying with a tremor of deep feeling threading his voice:

"Say not so, wife. We are the Lord's. He is the giver as well as the taker, and though I sit here a lonely and perhaps a childless old man, I am not left desolate nor lack a Thanksgiving guest while you are left me."

"Forgive me, Ansel," sobbed Hannah Place, resting her head on her husband's shoulder, "and may God forgive me my ungrateful thoughts while we are spared each other. But this pain of uncertainty at my heart grows heavier than I can well bear. To know that Willy was dead were a comfort beside this fear that haunts me day by day, that he is a wanderer, an outcast, suffering, perhaps lost to God and himself." Her voice choked, and for a few moments only the ticking of the tall old clock in the corner broke the stillness; then she spoke again. "Do you know, Ansel, I often wonder if we were wholly blameless? Willy was wild and thoughtless, but he was a loving boy, and I cannot believe he was bad at heart."

"I, too, have been wondering that of late. God knows I loved and tried to do my duty by the boy, but I fear I was over strict, too severe with what were only boyish errors, and that instead of leading him in the right way I drove him from it. I thought then I was right, but the more I think of our heavenly Father's love and patience with us, who are at best but weak, erring children, I feel how much I failed myself."

So hand in hand they sat and talked of this long-absent son, whose name had not for years passed their lips, reminded each other of ways and words that neither had forgotten, yet which were sweeter for the other's telling. Laughing through their tears at treasured child memories, and speaking in lower tones of the sad days when the high boyish spirit had risen in fierce rebellion against restraint, and of that darkest of all, when they had awakened to find that home and hearts had been alike forsaken, and this their only son had gone out beyond their love and care, each taking the blame of the mistake made in trying to break instead of train that intangible but intractable power of will.

"Deacon Place's Willy had run away." It had been a bitter blow to pride and heart, so that for years his prayer that "the arm of the Lord might be over their wanderer," was more an imprecation than a blessing; but with the creeping weakness of age, he felt the need of the strong young arm he had thought would have been his stay and comfort, and to-night each confessed to the other the yearning with which they longed to behold their child.

The night wind rose unheeded as they talked, dashing the waves in a foam of spray on the beach. The fog lifted from over the water. The warning bell ceased its dreary tolling, and the gleam of the Forkness light flashed out a path of splendor in the night. The rain ceased. Only the withered leaves stirred and rustled fitfully around the feet of one whose steps were turned toward a long forsaken home. Trial and toil had made of the self-willed boy a resolute man. Out amid the buffeting and cold indifference of the world, the memory of the smarting resentment under whose passion he had fled soon faded, leaving only the tenderest recollections of loving ministries and cares. The breath of his father's prayers had folded round him in many an hour of temptation. The touch of his mother's hand upon his boyish head held him from many a vice, and with the years a longing had grown with him to tread once more the old familiar paths, and look in the dear remembered faces. There had been doubts as to his reception, and fears that the gray heads might be laid under the grasses, but at last, lured by autumnal memories of dropping nuts in the brown woods, and hearth fires glowing bright, he had turned his way eastward, from over the far prairies. Nearer he came, and nearer. The lights of the village shine around him. The sound of the surf is in his ears. Once more he travels the old familiar road; his hand is on the gate, his feet on the worn doorstep. There is a knock at the door, and Ansel Place, shading his dim hand as he open it, looks out into the face of a neighbor, as he had thought, but of a tall and bearded stranger, who craved a night's shelter. Old Bruno had raised his head from his paws on the entrance. Then with a noisy bark sprang toward him. The old man tried to hush the dog, but the stranger spoke:

"Old Bruno remembers me. Have you forgotten your wilful boy?"

Before he had finished the question, Hannah's arms were around his neck, and his father's hand was grasping his in that joyful meeting. He did not dream how their hearts had been going out to meet him, yet he felt the solemn thrill in his father's tone, as, turning to his wife, he said:

"See, Hannah, 'in wrath He has remembered mercy.' For our Thanksgiving Day the Lord has sent us a Thanksgiving guest."

Thanksgiving Day.

The Thanksgiving festival has now become a national holiday. The observance of the day has not yet become universal, but it is extending, and bids fair, before many years, to become an annual social feature in every American home.

It is now but three months less than two hundred and fifty-one years, since the first Thanksgiving Day was observed on American soil. The Massachusetts Company removed to Boston on the 17th of September, 1630. Gov. Winthrop, writing to his wife, who was still in England, at the end of November in that year, said, "We are in paradise."

A few weeks later, starvation stared the colony in the face. In Charlestown, the people, so the town records tell us, "necessitated to live on clams and muscles and groundnuts and acorns." The Governor, brave-hearted and noble as he was, "had the last batch of bread in the oven," and was seen "giving the last handful of meal in the barrel unto a poor man distressed by the wolf at the door."

A day was appointed for general humiliation, "to seek the Lord by fasting and prayer." Nothing had been heard of the ship sent home six months before to fetch provisions. Just as the colony was on the vergo of despair, the ship arrived in Boston Harbor, the day of fasting was turned into one of thanksgiving by order of the Governor and Council, and was accordingly celebrated on the 22d of February, 1631.

In November of the same year, another day of thanksgiving was observed on the arrival of the same ship, and since then, a similar festival has been held with great regularity. The custom did not spread beyond New England until during the civil war. President Lincoln was the first to proclaim a day of National Thanksgiving.

In New England, where the day is a public and legal holiday, it is an occasion of family reunions, and of feasting and good cheer. To those who have been accustomed to it from childhood, it is the merriest day in the year. Elsewhere, it is wholly overshadowed by Christmas.

The idea is the same in both cases. The day is devoted by the devout to thanksgiving and praise to God for His mercies, and by all to happy meetings and joyful feasting.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Veritable "India Rubber Man."

The strangest phenomenon we have seen for a long time is now on view in Vienna. "Der Gummimensch," or the india rubber man, is quite the queerest fellow imaginable. He is a pale, flaccid man, with red hair and a bilious complexion; he wears black velvet knickerbockers, and is very polite. He can seize the skin of his chest with both hands, pull it away from his body about eighteen inches, and raise it to the level of his head; and yet when he leaves go, instead of his skin hanging in horrid folds it goes spreading itself again, so that not a crease is to be discovered. The skin of his nose he can stretch six inches, the skin of his fingers two inches, so that his hands look sizes Nos. 29 or 30. He drags at the calf of his leg and behold a goodly and translucent membrane, in which can be seen the ramified network of arteries, pink and pulsating. This does not hurt him. He can—but enough. You see that he well deserves his title of "Gummimensch." What with his cadaverous face and gluey elasticity he much reminds one of Dore's ghastly portrayal of the damned in the grand illustrations of the "Inferno." The medical faculty are highly exercised anent this man and they have begged him for the smallest strip of skin just for microscopical investigation. There has not been such a case for two centuries, and in these days of course the microscope was rather primitive. "Gummimensch" is a Bavarian, thirty-two years of age, married and has three normal children. He charges two florins to show himself. His skin feels like velvet, or perhaps rather like the breast of a plucked fowl, but it is not a sweet sensation to touch him.—*Vienna Letter.*

Not Worth It.

A backwoodsman promised to send the minister fifty pounds of maple sugar for marrying him. Time passed on, and no maple sugar arrived to sweeten the minister's household. Some months later he saw the newly-married husband in the town, and ventured to remind him: "My friend, you did not send the maple sugar you promised." With a saddened countenance he looked up and replied: "To tell you the truth governor, she ain't worth it!

The value of the British pound sterling, gold, in the United States money is $4.86.7½.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Newly Set Trees.

Watering is not often necessary for newly set trees. We have known them to be injured by surface watering when mulching would have saved them. If you have a mellow soil and mulch your trees several inches thick you will seldom need to water them. The only way in which water can be advantageously applied is to remove the soil from the roots to the extent of the hole dug for planting, then pour in water until the roots are thoroughly soaked, replace the earth and mulch.

Cultivate Young Orchards.

Professor Beal, of the Michigan Agricultural College, says: "If you have money to fool away, seed down your young orchard to clover and timothy, or sow a crop of wheat or oats. If you want the trees to thrive, cultivate well till they are seven or ten years old. Spread ashes, manure, or salt broadcast. Stop cultivating in August, weeds or no weeds; this allows the trees to ripen for winter. The question whether to cultivate old orchards or not must be answered by observing the trees. If the clover of the leaves is good and they grow well and bear fine fruit they are doing well enough even if in grass. But if the leaves are pale, the annual growth less than a foot on twelve trees, and the fruit small and poor, something is the matter, and they are suffering for want of cultivation, or manure, or both. To judge of the condition of an apple tree is like judging of the condition of sheep in a pasture. Look at the sheep, and if they are plump and fat they are all right."

Flecks, or "White Caps," in Cream.

Flecks are generally supposed to be pieces of dried cream, and possibly sometimes they may be, but usually they are not, for occasionally they exist in milk before any cream rises, and sometimes are mingled with butter made by processes of cold-setting in which the cream remains soft, no part of it being dried at all. They seldom appear, however, in butter made by cold-setting; they are mostly found in butter made in dairies where the milk is set without any other cooling than that of the air in the room where the milk stands. For the most part they are developed in milk after it comes from the cow. By quickly cooling milk to a low degree, change is so much arrested hat they cannot develop. They can only form within certain limits of temperature, and when they do, are likely to appear as plentifully in the milk as in the cream, and often more so, which s evidence adverse to their being originated from dried cream. In milk which is in a perfectly normal condition they never appear. They always occur in milk which is more or less faulty. They are very apt to accompany an inflamed state of the udder, and seldom or never appear without it. When milk is all right, the surface of the cream may be exposed to currents of dry air until it becomes quite dry and hard, without showing any indication of "white caps" as they are sometimes called. The dried cream, when mixed with the rest and well stirred up, soon becomes soft, and churns the same as the rest. But when milk, which is a little feverish, or in some other way faulty, is thus exposed to the air without being first well cooled, flecks will be pretty sure to show themselves in numbers proportioned to the exposure. Whenever flecks are liable to be developed, there can, with the aid of a microscope, be seen in the milk small specks of solid matter with fragmentary shapes which form the nucleus of the flecks. When such milk is set in a glass vessel and kept without much cooling these specks can be seen to enlarge by the coagulation and adhesion of the milk in contact with them. Sooner or later they swell from gas forming within them, and, becoming lighter than the milk, rise toward the surface and more or less of them become imbedded in the soft cream. When they form in the milk they are almost wholly composed of curd, but when formed in the cream they are very rich in cream, having as much, and perhaps more, cream in their composition, as curd.

Household Hints.

To preserve apples pack in boxes or barrels elevated from the cellar floor, with a layer of dry sawdust at the bottom of each box or barrel; then a layer of apples, placed out of contact with each other, then a layer of sawdust, and so on till all are full. Sound apples packed in this manner will keep fresh a long time.

To whiten walls, scrape off all the old whitewash, and wash the walls with a solution of two ounces of white vitriol to four gallons of water. Soak a quarter of a pound of white glue in water for twelve hours; strain and place in a tin pail; cover with fresh water, and set the pail in a kettle of boiling water. When melted stir in the glue eight pounds of whiting, and water enough to make it as thick as common whitewash. Apply evenly with a good brush. If the walls are very yellow blue the water slightly by squeezing in it a flannel blue-bag.

In the pulpit of the Episcopal church at Shrewsbury, N. J., there is a Bible which was printed in 1717, and presented to the church in 1752. It is in good order, and is regularly used by the rector in the church services. A quaint memento of Revolutionary days surmounts the steeple. It is an iron crown of George III. It is marked by bullet holes shot through it by the patriot soldiers as tokens of disrespect to his majesty. The church is nearly 180 years old.

An Accession to the Family.

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Spoopendyke, with a grin that involved his whole head, and an effort at a tip-toe tread that shook the whole house. "And so it's a girl, my dear."

Mrs. Spoopendyke smiled faintly and Mr. Spoopendyke picked up his heiress.

"It's the image of you," she said, regarding with some trepidation Mr. Spoopendyke's method of handling the infant.

"I don't see how you make that out," said Mr. Spoopendyke, gravely. "I don't know when my nose looked like the thumb part of a boiled lobster claw. Do I understand you that my eyes bear any resemblance to the head of a screw?"

"I mean the general features," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"The general features seem to be all mouth," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, examining his acquisition. "If our general features are at all alike, my visage must remind you of an earthquake. Hi! kitchee! kitchee! What makes her fold up her legs like that?"

"She can't help it," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke. "They'll straighten out in time."

"No time like the present," quoted Mr. Spoopendyke, and he took his daughter's feet and commenced pulling her limbs. "I don't want any bandy-legged first in this family while I'm at the head of it."

Naturally the baby began to cry and Mr. Spoopendyke essayed to soothe it.

"Hi! kitchee! kitch-ee-ee!" he chirruped. "Great Scott, what a cavern Any idea how much this mouth weighs? Hi! kitchee! kitch-ee! You'll have to get that mouth roofed in before cold weather. What's the matter with her, anyway?"

"Perhaps you hurt her. Let me take her, please," pleaded helpless Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"She's doing well enough. Hi! you! hold up! Haven't you anything to catch this mouth in? It's spilling all over the neighborhood. Hi! Topsy, Genevieve, Cleopatra, dry up! I'm going to have trouble breaking this young one's temper, I can see that. Here! bend the other way once!" and Mr. Spoopendyke tried to straighten up his offspring without avail.

"Let her come to me, do please," moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke, and Mr. Spoopendyke was forced to hand her over.

"Well, that's quite a baby," said he, nursing his knee and eyeing the infant. "What're those bumps over its eyes for? What preponderance of intelligence do they represent?"

"You mustn't talk so," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "She's the handsomest child you ever saw."

"Well, she's got to stop biting her nails before she goes any further with this procession. Here, take your hands out of your mouth, can't you? Why don't you put her hands down?"

"Why, all babies do that," explained Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You can't stop that.

"I'm going to try," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "and I don't want to be interfered with in bringing this child up. Here, you, Maud S. Bonesetter, put your hands in your pockets! Don't let me see any more nail chewing or you and I'll get mixed up in an argument. She gets that from your family, Mrs. Spoopendyke."

"Say, dear, don't you want to go and order some things?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"No," rejoined her husband, "I want to see this youngster. Where's her chin? Do babies always have their upper jaw set right on their shoulders? Kitchee! kitchee! Her scalp comes clear to the bridge of her nose. I don't believe she's quite right. Where's her forehead? Great Moses! Her head is all on the back part! Say, that baby's got to be pressed. That's no shape."

"Get away," exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, indignantly. "She's a perfect angel. There's nothing in the world the matter with her."

"Of course you know," growled Mr Spoopendyke. "You don't want anything more than a fog horn and a misspent appropriation to be an orphan ssylum. If I had your faith and the colic I'd make a living as a foundling's home. She'll be old enough to spank in a week, won't she?"

"No, she won't!" said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "She'll never be old enough for that."

"I'll bet she will," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke; "if she isn't, she'll get it before she matures up to that period. That's all. Let me take her. Here. let's have her."

But Mrs. Spoopendyke flatly refused.

"Keep your dod gasted baby, then!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "If you know more about babies than I do, then keep her. The way you coddle her, one would think she was a new paste for the complexion. If you had one more brain and a handle, you'd make a fair rattle box! Fit you up with a broken sofa and a grease spot and you'd do for a second-hand nursery."

And Mr. Spoopendyke started off to find his friend Specklewottle, who congratulated him, and started off with him to assist in the selection of an overcoat and a pair of ear muffs as precautionary against the approaching winter. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Washington's Family Coach.

Benjamin Richardson, an eccentric New York gentleman owns the carriage in which Washington made his tour of the Southern States in 1791.

This is the only one of Washington's carriages in existence and it is unquestionably the most wonderfully constructed piece of road machinery of the kind extant. "The Ark," as its facetious custodians at the Centennial were pleased to call it, was built in 1789 by John White of this city, who regarded it as his masterpiece and felt as proud of his work as the builder of the famous "one hoss shay" did of his. When full-rigged and loaded with four inside passengers, a driver on the bow and a footman perched on the poop deck, "the Ark" weighed nearly four thousand pounds; but it was made of such excellent material that in lumbering over two thousand miles of rough country roads in the South not a screw or bolt was started. Even now, after a lapse of nearly a century, the old chariot is in a good state of preservation and it would stand as much rough travel as a carriage built twenty years ago. The wood-work of the vehicle is oak. The axles, wheels, whiffletree-bar and fifth wheel do not differ from those parts of the carriages of the present day, except that in Mr. White's masterpiece, they are of monster size. The wheels are but little heavier than those now in use, but their circumference is much greater. That the "Ark" was built to last is proven by the fact that every bit of woodwork, from the sole-leather-covered dash-board to the footman's stand in the rear, is heavily bound with iron and strongly riveted. The woodwork in bodies of ordinary barouches is quarter-inch ash or poplar, but no such light stuff was used in building this rolling relic of the past century, and the General's "heftiest hoss" might thunder his heels against the dashboard for a week without damaging it in the least. Instead of the cloth lining of the carriage known to the present generation Washington's family vehicle is lined inside with black pebbled calfskin, and green painted oak slab blinds, nearly as large as those of an ordinary dwelling house, allow light and air to enter the cavernous depths of the coach when it is in motion. The body of the carriage swings by leather straps from four old-fashioned upright springs, which are braced and bolted in a score of places. From the top of the coach to the ground the distance is eight feet six inches and the cavity is large enough to contain a couple of hogsheads. The front of the carriage is decorated with two lamps, each of which contains the moldy stub of a tallow candle. The ancient vehicle was on exhibition at the Philadelphia Centennial, and is now in a museum in that city.

A Cornish Village.

On the summit of the west bank it touches the village of Saltash, which is built down the hill-side to the water's edge, and which is like most other fishing villages in Cornwall—clean, solidly put together, unornamental, and a whitish-gray in color. The deficiency of color is dispiriting to the artist who has come from the contemplation of the more opulent architecture of the Continent. The cottages, one and two stories high, of concrete, brick and stone, with diamond-pained windows, have been designed to shelter without any other idea than utility. Their white or yellow walls seem to be vertical strata of the indigenous rock of their foundations. The sashes and the doors are painted black, and the streets are made of gray macadam. What little color there is gains brilliancy from contrast with these quiet surroundings. The verdure is the greenest, and the fuchsias blaze in relief. Up on the hill, with a somewhat disorderly little grave-yard inclosing it, is a serious-looking, square-towered church, like many others in Cornwall, of gray sandstone, well worn by the weather of centuries, which has smoothed all the edges. The church is nearly seven hundred years old—the tower older—and where time has made a gap or a seam, the "restoration" has been effected in the most economical way. The concrete used to fill in has included the fragments of the ruined part, and bits of gargoyles and other carved work are found imbedded in the plaster. Look from the houses to the people—there is an infallible correspondence. The men are brown and strong, a little sad, with large frames, but no spare flesh; and the women, who are grand at the oar, are scarcely their inferiors in physical proportions. They are frank and independent in manner, gathering their living from the sea. There is little vice among them—the smart dresses and chubby faces of their children are certain indications of domestic virtue—but that some of them fall to the besetting sin of the English may be inferred from what we heard one of them say of a neighbor: "He wass as dhrunk as forty maintops'l-sheet blocks."—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Concord Coach in Mexico.

In her paper "A Diligence Journey in Mexico," in the *Century Magazine*, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote gives the following picturesque description of the diligence:

The *diligencia general* is the ordinary Concord coach, drawn by eight mules, harnessed in a complicated tangle, which is technically described as "two wheelers, four on a swing, and two leaders,' *i. e.*, two at the wheels, four abreast in the middle, and two ahead. The driver wore a pair of goat-skin breeches, with the long yellow hair outside, comically suggesting the legs of a satyr. He had an assistant beside him, who wielded the whip, or, if whipping failed, pelted the mules with small stones from a leather bag filled for the purpose. There was extraordinary neatness and precision in his aim. The offender was admonished by sharp, unerring little taps upon the ear, or the root of the tail, or a projecting hip-joint. On these occasions, unlike the teamsters of the Northwest, the Mexicans do not rely on profanity.

Price and Currency Expansion.

The study of the finance question and the careful investigation of economic problems, resulting from the discussion of these subjects during the last four or five years, have established the fact that general prices are governed by the quantity rather than by the quality of the current medium of exchange. This the Greenback press has always contended, claiming that contraction of the currency alone precipitated the panic of 1873, which resulted in such widespread ruin and industrial stagnation. But the fund-holders and their organs, interested in low prices, that fixed incomes might be more valuable, denied it, and for proof pointed to the "plethora of money in the banks" during the darkest days of the panic. The *Public*, of New York, has made a careful investigation and gives to its readers the result, demonstrating conclusively that there is an almost exact correspondence between the currency inflation and the inflation of prices since the "bed-rock" period of 1878. The wholesale prices of forty representative articles are given, all New York prices. The *Public* says: "These articles represent three-fourths of all the articles that enter into domestic consumption and foreign export, and comparisons of more than four hundred articles has shown that the average derived from so large a list scarcely differs appreciably from the average based upon the articles here named."

Passing over the detailed manner in which the *Public* arrived at its results, we give the result. It says:

"For convenience, the computations have been made in quantities per capita. We then assume that the minor unquoted articles in each class, which are in number thousands, but in value less than one-quarter of the aggregate, have changed in aggregate cost in the same ratio as the more important and quoted articles of that class, and thus arrive at the following table of average prices per capita:

	1878.	1879.	1880.	1881.
Food	$62 58	$76 47	$75 66	$92 01
Clothing	27 57	33 19	33 88	63 96
Iron, etc	20 57	25 95	26 48	25 69
Lumber, etc	12 35	13 96	19 99	16 19
Total	$123 07	$149 57	$155 91	$167 85

"To purchase the same quantities of all the articles embraced in the comparison, therefore, would have cost 21.54 per cent. more about November 1, 1879, than on the same date in 1878; it would have cost 4.2 per cent. more in 1880 than in 1879, and would have cost 7.65 per cent. more November 1, 1881, than on the same date last year. The advance in general average of prices since the lowest point, about November 1, 1878, has therefore been 36.4 per cent."

The largest advance has been in food or farm products, which is no less than forty-seven per cent.

During all this period there has been a progressive increase in the currency volume, which the Chicago *Times* refers to as the cause of the progressive advance in the price of commodities. It quotes from the report of Comptroller Knox, showing that the active circulation, or the whole amount of currency, metallic and paper, outside of the national treasury and the banks, was:

January 1, 1879	$613,230,717
November 1, 1879	638,617,218
November 1, 1880	809,505,118
November 1, 1881, estimated	922,000,000

This shows an increase of fifty per cent. The *Times* thinks it is fair to suppose that $85,000,000 of the increase has been hoarded, in which case "there will be found an almost exact correspondence between the price-inflation and the currency-inflation." This settles one fundamental principle of the National party, to wit, that "the value of money is regulated by its volume," and as the constitution of the United States not only gives to Congress the power, but makes it its duty to so regulate the value of money as to make prices steady and uniform, thereby insuring justice and equity to both debtor and creditor, it should assume and exercise the authority. Almost the entire currency inflation has been of the metallic, or exportable kind, over which the government has no control. It is in private hands and will be exported whenever it will purchase more in foreign lands than in this. Of the $1,400,000,000 of money said to be in the United States, the government has control of but $346,000,000, or less than twenty-five per cent. of its volume. The national banks and the fluctuations of commerce may contract it at $100,000,000 a month, and both the government and the industries of the country are helpless to avert a crash as law now stands. The country and its business interests are at the mercy of a system and a monopoly, which, like vultures, feast and fatten on dead carcasses, and thrive best in the paths of desolation and ruin.—*Chicago Express.*

More ascents of Mount Blanc have been made during the past season than in any previous year. Between July and October sixty-four tourists, of whom nineteen were French, seventeen English, and six Americans, gained the summit. Three were ladies, native respectively of England, France, and Switzerland.

According to the estimates of the agricultural department at Washington, four per cent. of the acreage of Texas can produce enough cotton to supply the whole world.